

*The Historie of*

*Fals.* I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

*Prim.* Why? thou owest God a death.

*Fals.* Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that calls not on mee? Well, tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then, no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Deth he feeles it? no: both he heares it? no: tis insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme.

*Exit.*

*Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.*

*Wor.* O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*, The liberall kind offer of the King.

*Ver.* T were best he did.

*Wor.* Then are we all vndone,  
It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,  
He will suspect vs still, and find a time,  
To punish this offence in others faults;  
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes,  
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,  
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,  
Will haue a wilde trick of his ancesters:  
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily:  
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,  
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,  
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.  
My Nephews trespasse may be well forgot,  
It hath the excuse of youth, and heate of blood,  
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,  
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouerned by a spleene,  
All his offences liue vpon my head,  
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,  
And his corruption being tane from vs.

*Henry th*

We as the spring of all, shall pay  
Therefore good Coosen, let no  
In any case, the offer of the King

*Ver.* Deliuer what you wil, Ile

*Hot.* My vncle is returnd,  
Deliuer vp my Lord of Westm  
Vncle, what newes?

*Wor.* The King will bid you

*Dow.* Defie him by the Lord

*Hot.* Lord *Dowglas*, go you

*Dow.* Mary and shall, and v

*Wor.* There is no seeming r

*Hot.* Did you beg any? G

*Wor.* I told him gently of y

Of his Oath-breaking: which

By now forswearing that he is

He calls vs Rebels, Traytors,

With haughty armes, this ha

*Dow.* Arme Gentlemen, to

A braue Defiance in King *Hen*

And *Westmerland* that was ing

Which cannot chuse but brin

*Wor.* The Prince of *Wales* sto

And Nephew, challeng'd you

*Hot.* O, would the quarrell

And that no man might draw

But I and *Harry Monmouth*: t

How shewd his talking? seem

*Ver.* No, by my soule, I ne

Did heare a Challenge vrg'd

Vnlesse a Brother should a Br

To gentle exercise and proof

He gaue you all the duties of

Trimd vp your praises with a

Spoke your deseruings like a

Making you euer better ther

By still dispraising prayse, val

And which became him like

We